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If You Want a Kiss, Take It.

There's a jolly Saxon proverb
That is pretty much like this,
That a man is half in Heaven
When he has a womans kiss;
But there's danger in delaying—
And the sweetness may forsake it;
So I tell you, bashful lover,
If you want a kiss, why take it.

Never let another fellow
Steel a march on you in this;
Never let a laughing maiden
See you spoiling for a kiss;
There's a royal way to kissing,
And the jolly ones who make it
Have a motto that is winning—
If you want a kiss, why take it!

Any fool may face a cannon
Anybody wear a crown,
But a man must win a woman,
If he'd have her for his own;
Would you have the golden apple,
You must find the tree and shake it;
If the thing is worth the having,
And you want a kiss, why take it.

Who would burn upon a desert,
With a forest smiling by?
Who would give his sunny summer
For a bleak and wintry sky?
Oh! I tell you there is magic,
And you cannot, cannot break it;
For the sweetest part of loving
Is to want a kiss, and take it.

TRIED AND TRUE.

It was the Carnival season in Paris; and Colonel Eugene Merville, an attache of the great Napoleon's staff, who had won his way to distinction with his own sabre, found himself at the masked ball in the French opera house. Better adapted in his tastes to the field than the boudoir, he flirts but little with the gay figures that cover the floor and joins but seldom in the waltz. But at last, while standing thoughtfully and regarding the assembled throng with a vacant eye, his attention was suddenly aroused by the appearance of a person in a white domino, the universal elegance of whose figure, manner, and bearing convinced all that her face and mind must be equal to her person in grace and loveliness.

Though in so mixed an assembly, still there was a reserve and dignity in the manner of the white domino that rather repulsed the idea of a familiar address, and it was sometime before the young soldier had the courage to speak to her.

Some alarm being given, there was a violent rush of the throng towards the door; where, unless assisted, the lady would have materially suffered. Eugene Merville offers his arm, and with his broad shoulders and stout frame wards off the danger. It was a delightful moment; the lady spoke the purest French, was witty, fanciful, and captivating.

"Ah! lady, pray raise that mask, and reveal to me the charms of feature that must accompany so sweet a voice and so graceful a form as you possess."

"You would, perhaps, be disappointed."

"No, I am sure not."

"Are you so very confident?"

"Yes. I feel that you are beautiful—it cannot be otherwise."

"Don't be too sure of that," said the domino. "Have you never heard of the Irish poet Moore's story of the veiled prophet of Khorasan—how, when he had disclosed his countenance, its hideous aspect killed his beloved one. How do you know but that I shall turn out a veiled prophet of Khorasan?"

"Ah, lady, your every word convinces me to the contrary," replied the enraptured soldier, whose heart had began to feel as it never felt before; he was in love.

She eludes his efforts at discovery; but permits him to hand her to the carriage, which drives off in the darkness, and though he throws himself upon his swiftest horse, he is unable to overtake her.

The young French colonel becomes moody; he has lost his heart, and knows not what to do. He wanders hither and thither, shuns his former place of amusement, avoids his military companions, and; in short, is miserable as a lover can well be thus disappointed. One night, just after he had left his hotel on foot, a figure muffled up to the very ears, stopped him.

"Well, monsieur, what would you with me?" asked the soldier.

"You would know the name of the white domino?" was the reply.

"I would, indeed," replied the officer hastily. "How can it be done?"

"Follow me."

"To the end of the earth, if it will bring me to her."

"But you must be blindfolded."

"Very well."

"Step into this vehicle."

"I am at your command."

And away rattled the youthful soldier and his strange companion. "This may be a trick," reasoned Eugene Merville, "but I have no fear of personal violence. I am armed with this trusty sabre, and can take care of myself. But there was no cause for fear since he soon found the vehicle stop; and he was led, blindfolded into the house. When the bandage was removed from his eyes, he found himself in a richly-furnished boudoir, and before him stood the white domino just as he met her at the masked ball. To fall upon his knees and tell her how much he thought of her since their separation, that his thoughts had never left her, that he loved her devotedly, was as natural as to breathe, and he did so gallantly and sincerely."

"Shall I believe all you say?"

"Lady, let me prove it by any test you may put upon me."

"Know, then, that the feelings you avow are mutual. Nay, unloose your arm from my waist. I have something more to say."

"Talk on forever, lady! Your voice is music to my heart and ears."

"Would you marry me, knowing no more of me than you now do?"

"Yes, if you were to go to the very altar masked!" he replied.

"Then I will test you."

"How, lady?"

"For one year be faithful to the love you have professed, and I will be yours—as truly as heaven shall spare my life."

"Oh, cruel suspense!"

"You demur?"

"Nay, lady, I shall fulfill your injunctions as I promised."

"If at the expiration of a year you do not hear from me, then the contract shall be null and void. Take this half ring," she continued, "and when I supply the broken portion I will be yours."

He kissed the little emblem, swore again and again to be faithful, and pressing her hand to his lips bade her adieu.

He was conducted away as mysteriously as he had been brought thither; nor could he by any possible means discover where he had been, his companions rejecting all bribes, and even refusing to answer the simplest questions.

Months roll on. Colonel Merville is true to his vow, and happy in the anticipation of love. Suddenly he was ordered on an embassy to Vienna, the gayest of all the European capitals, about the time that Napoleon was planning to marry the Archduchess Maria Louisa. The young Colonel is handsome, manly, and already distinguished in arms, and becomes at once a great favorite at court, every effort being made by the women to captivate him, but in vain; he is constant and true to his vow.

But his heart is not made of stone; the very fact that he had entertained such tender feelings for the white domino had doubtless made him more susceptible than before.

At last he met the young Baroness Caroline Von Waldroff, and in spite of his vows she captivates him, and he secretly curses the engagement he had so blindly made at Paris. She seems to wonder at what she believes to be his devotion—and yet the distance he maintains! The truth was that his sense of honor was so great that, though he felt he loved the young baroness, and even she returned his affection, still he had given his word, and that was sacred.

The satin domino is no longer the ideal of his heart, but assumes the most repulsive form in his imagination, and becomes, in place of his good angel, the evil genius.

Well, time rolls on; he is to run in a few days—it is once more the carnival season; and in Vienna, too, that gay city. He joins in the festivities of the masked ball, and wonder fills his brain, when, about the middle of the evening, the white domino steals before him in the same white satin dress he had seen her wear a year before at the French Opera House in Paris. Was it not a fancy?

"I come, Colonel Eugene Merville, to hold you to your promise," she said, laying her hand lightly upon his arm.

"Is this a reality or a dream?" asked the amazed soldier.

"Come, follow me, and you shall see that it is a reality," continued the mask, pleasantly.

"I will."

"Have you been faithful to your promise?" asked the domino, as they retired into a saloon.

"Most truly in act; but, alas, I fear not in heart."

"Indeed."

"It is too true, lady, that I have seen and loved another; though my vow to you has kept me from saying so to her."

"And who is it that you love?"

"I will be frank with you, and you will keep my secret."

"Most religiously."

"It is the Baroness Von Waldroff," he said, with a sigh.

"And you really love her?"

"Alas! only too dearly," said the soldier, sadly.

"Nevertheless I must hold you to your promise. Here is the other half of the ring; can you produce its mate?"

"Here it is," said Eugene Merville.

"Then I, too, keep my promise," said the domino, raising her mask, and showing to his astonished view the face of the Baroness Von Waldroff.

She had seen and loved him for his manly spirit and character, and having found by inquiry that he was worthy of her love, she had managed this delicate intrigue, and had tested him, and now gave him her wealth, title, and everything.

They were married with great pomp, and accompanied the archduchess to Paris. Napoleon, to crown the happiness of his favorite, made him at once a general of division.

Can Paralysis be Cured.

Paralysis, according to an English writer, is rare, much that passes for paralysis being curable, especially through the imagination. The opinion is supported by the statements of one of the best medical men in Paris, who in 1849 was a physician in the great hospital there, the Hotel Dieu. In that year this hospital was particularly famous for the cures effected in it, and many were the hypochondriacs whose imaginations sent them home well after a stay in its wards. One odd case was that of a young girl in the department of the Ain, whom a sudden fright had rendered dumb and paralyzed. Local physicians could do nothing for her, and at last asserted that only the doctors of the Hotel Dieu could cure her. Firmly believing this herself, the girl was sent to Paris and admitted to the hospital, where the hurried physician merely examined her as a matter of form, promising to return on the next day. When he came he heard to his astonishment that the patient was inclined to speak. He spoke to her, and she answered instantly that she thought that she could walk with a little help, and she did walk twice around the ward very easily. The next week she returned to her native village as well as ever. "I knew," she cried, "that the Hotel Dieu would cure me!" It would be hard to find a more striking instance of the mysterious power of the imagination, and of strong belief upon the physical structure.

The Moon as a Giver of Light.

This orb, the moon, that moves around the earth, seems to be there in order to give light during the night time, says Prof. Proctor. Let us see what astronomy has taught us. It teaches that the moon is very much smaller than the earth, with a diameter of 2,100 miles. She is distant from the earth 238,828 miles. The surface of the moon is less than the earth's in the proportion of 1 to 13½. In other words, the surface of the moon is about 14,600,000 square miles, equal almost exactly to the surface of North and South America. It is also equal approximately to the surface of Europe and Africa taken together. If the moon is the abode of life there is plenty of room for life there, and it is an interesting question whether she now can maintain life. We know that the volume of the moon is to that of the earth as 1 to 49½, while her density is rather less than that of the earth, so that her mass is to that of the earth as about 1 to 81.

First of all, as to the offices of the moon. If it is shown that she discharges important offices to the earth, you will see that we are no longer bound by the argument of design to recognize her as the abode of life. First, we know she serves for the division of time. She gives light by night. God set His lights in the expanse of heaven, the greater to rule by day and the lesser by night alternately. There is a service performed by the moon which is so regular as to suggest that perhaps the Almighty intended the moon for that special purpose.

Laplace went so far as to say if he had made the moon he would have made it much more useful to man. He would have put it four times its present distance away from the earth, when it would be far enough away to be a full moon and give a regular light continuously by night. The first objection to this is an astronomical one, for of all nuisances the moon's light is one which the astronomer dislikes most, especially at a time when when he wants to study some nebule, or some barely visible comet; at those times the moon's brightness seriously interferes with his observations; and I am surprised, indeed, that Laplace, himself an astronomer, should have suggested so inconvenient an arrangement as that.

But there are other difficulties. If the moon is in that condition she would always have to be opposite to the sun. The sun would go around once a year and the moon also. The moon would no longer be a measure of time, she would no longer rule the tides in the same way. She now raises a great wave called the tidal-wave, represented in height by 5. You have another caused by the sun, represented by 2. These two waves are sometimes combined in a single wave, and act together, sometimes opposing, sometimes coalescing. According to these changes, the tide varies in height from the difference of 5 and 2 to the sum of 5 and 2. That is to say, 3 the least height and 7 the greatest. That is a very important matter. It is of great service, as any one who lives by the seashore knows; it is of great interest to the shipbuilder and merchant that there should be variable tides, that there should not always be high tides, nor always low. That important service would not have been subserved by the moon if the consideration suggested by Laplace had prevailed. There is another very important service. The moon enables the astronomer or seaman in long voyages to ascertain the longitude, which is nothing more or less than the true time at the observer's station. If she moved 12 times more slowly she would be less fit to indicate the time in exactly the same degree as the hour hand of the watch is less fit than the minute hand. There are other very great and importsnt advantages of the real moon over that suggested by Laplace, which I wonder did not occur to a mathematician such as he, the only man who ever lived of whom it can be said, "He was the rival of Newton." He himself said Newton was fortunate in having lived before him. In another man it would have been rank conceit, but in Laplace it was considered as a just statement. Yet he failed to notice, when he suggested this moon's being four times further from us, that under his conditions if spread so as to give the same light, the material of which the moon would be made would be lighter than any solid element known to us. I think it was well that the Almighty did not take counsel from Laplace in creating the moon.

Effect of African Climate.

It is really pitiful to look at the faces of young Europeans who have been out here only a couple of years or so, says a correspondent on the African gold coast. Their color is that of a pallid yellow. They seem to bear on their features that stamp of despair which only those deprived of all hope of health can have. Though the oldest is not twenty-three years old, I should judge, yet one of them is as gray as a man of fifty. They all look like old young men, with their jaundiced complexions, from which every freshness of youth has departed, their lack-lustre eyes and languid movements. The trade in which these Europeans, under Mr. Croker, are engaged, is that of purchasing palm oil, gold dust and gum copal, while the Basle Mission buys not only palm oil, gold dust and gum copal, but black monkey skins, cotton, India Rubber gum, and almost everything that can be turned into money remuneratively in Europe. When the merchants have finished boiling the palm oil they pour it in great puncheons containing over 150 gallons, whitewash both ends of the puncheons, and ship them to Europe.

The currency of the Gold Coast is gold dust, and, in some parts, cowry shells are still used, though they are being rapidly superceded by British silver coin. An ounce of gold dust is sold for £3 12s. The natives frequently exchange among themselves the weight of even a small bead in the precious dust, which they call a *pessua*—a trifle as insignificant to the Accras as a picayune would be to us.

Pete.

"I'm Pete. An' I'm a newsboy. This story ain't writ by me, coz I can't write. Nor I can't read, so if anything's took down wrong, it won't be my fault.

"A gentlemnn in one of our offices says to me: 'You tell me the story of your young un, an' I'll take it down, and git it printed in *St. Nicholas*.' An' he says to begin at the werry beginnin', w'en I fust seed my young un—a little chap what I foun' arter his father died, an' he hadn't nothin' but a fiddle in the world. When I fust goes up to him in the park, down to City Hall, and asks him to play, he takes his stick an' pulls it acrost an' acrost the strings, an' makes the wust nise ye ever heerd in yer life. He felt so took down when I laughed that I asked him, serious, to keep at it, till he says, lookin' up inter my face, dreffal disappinted, 'They's awful n'ses, ain't they?' I says, 'Wal, no; I've heerd the cats make ten times wuss ones nor that. I guess it'ill come some time if ye keep a tryin'.'

"So he hugged up his fiddle an' we started down to the corner. An' I says, 'W'ere air ye goin'?' And he says, 'Now'eres.' An' I says, 'Don't ye live now'eres?' An' he says, 'No.' An' I says they wasn't no use in it, fur he couldn't no more take keer of hisself than a baby ken, an' he'd have to live with me. An' he says, 'Will *you* take care o' me?' An' I says, 'Yes, I will.' An' that's the way he come to be my young un.

"I axed him wot was his name, an' I can't tell yer it, fur it was one of them blamed furrin' names, an' I couldn't never get it right, so I allus called him jes 'Young Un.' An' he axed me wot was my name, ah' I telled him, 'Pete,' an' then we knowed each other.

"W'ere do ye live, Pete?' he says; an' I sez, 'Wal, I live roun'—jes about roun'—here, I guess. Ye see, I moved this mornin',' An' that was a stunner. I warn't a newsboy then, ye know; I was on'ya loafer. But I seed a airy; so I says, "Wal, we'll wait till all the lights are put out down stairs in this house, an' then we'll live here ternight. But we mus' go fust an' get our bed afore it's dark,' I says. So we walks roun' to a lot w'ere they was buildin', an' he waits wile I digs out the bed from under a pile o' stones. Yer see, I had to bury it in the mornin's fur fear o' ragpickers, 'cause it was a werry good bed an' comf'table, 'specially in airies. 'Wot was it? It was a ole piece o' carpet wot I foun' in front uv a house wunst arter some people moved away from it, an' it was ez long ez *you* air, sir, an' longer too. I takes it under my arm, an' the young un hol's on to my other han', an' we finds the airy agin. But we has to loaf roun' a good wile 'fore the lights is put out. When it's all dark we goes down under the steps, an' I rolls up the carpet kind o' loose an' tells him to crawl inside of it. 'Will ther' be room fur the fiddle too?' he says; 'coz if ther' won't I don't mind, I ken sleep outside, Pete.' An' he looks so worrited that I sings out, 'Of *course* ther' will! Do yer think I'd leave the fiddle out ter cotch his death o' cold an' be laid up an' tooken to the orspital?' An' that makes him laugh, an' then he crawls in fust an' I crawls in last, an' then theer we was, all three of us, squeedged up comf'table together."—*St. Nicholas.*

Tunnel Under the British Channel.

The feasibility of this project, and the advantages and disadvantages of various localities proposed for it, are still being discussed. Mr. Joseph Prestwick, an eminent engineer and geologist, has recently investigated the conditions of the strata between the continent of Europe and the coast of England. These researches extend from Ostend, Belgium, to St. Valery, in Normandy, France, and from Hastings to Harwich on the English side; and by them it was ascertained that a deposit of the London clay extends from the mouth of the Thames to Dunkirk, on the northeast point of France. This deposit is from 200 to 400 feet thick; and the impermeability and homogeneity of the clay, as shown in the works of the subway under the Thames in London, point out the line between the mouth of the Thames and Dunkirk as one of the most practical routes for the tunnel. But the distance (80 miles) is an important consideration, against which, again, must be set off the very great depth at which a tunnel between Dover and the neighborhood of Calais would have to be made. But the probability of striking coal in the last named work would be an additional inducement to take the shorter route; added to which must be considered the fact that the traffic between England and the continent lays chiefly between London and Paris, in the direct line of which the Dover tunnel would lie.

Religious Statistics.

A valuable table of the statistics of christianity is presented in Professor A. J. Schem's "Statistics of the world" for 1873, just published in New York and London. In North and South America, out of a population of 84,500,000, 47,000,000 are Roman Catholics, and 30,000,000 Protestants. In Europe out of a population of 301,000,000, 147,000,000 are Roman Catholics, 71,800,000 Protestants, and 70,200,000 adherents of the Greek Church. In Asia out of a population of 794,000,000, 4,700,000 are Roman Catholics, 1,800,000 Protestants, and 8,500,000 adherents of the Eastern churches. In Africa, out of a population of 192,500,000, 1,100,000 are Roman Catholics, 1,200,000 Protestants, and 3,200,000 adherents of the Eastern churches. In Australia and Polynesia, out of a population of 4,400,000, 400,000 are Roman Catholics, and 1,500,000 Protestants. This gives for the whole world, out of a total population of 1,377,000,000, 201,200,000 Roman Catholics, 106,300,000 Protestants, and 81,900,000 Greek and Eastern Christians.

Dobson says his friends seem determined to give him the title of Dr. His butcher, baker, and all the rest do so, but they put Dr. *after* his name, instead of before it.

The Latest Western Tragedy.

The tragic ending of a long fend between two leading citizens of Anderson, Ind., was briefly narrated by telegraph. In spite of the "leading" character of the actors in the affair, the details of the quarrel and its results reveal a depressing amount of rather commonplace rascality.

The story begins with the rivalry of Col. Thomas N. Stilwell and John E. Corwin for the social leadership of a town of some 5,000 or 6,000 inhabitants. This may seem a petty enough contest, but it was prosecuted with as much intensity as if half the nation had been on-lookers. Col. Stilwell, moreover, was a man of mark beyond the limits of Anderson. He raised and commanded a regiment of Indiana Volunteers during the war, he was a member of the Thirty-ninth Congress, and in 1867 President Johnson appointed him Minister to Venezuela, a post which, without Senatorial confirmation, he filled for a year.

About the period of his return from South America, Col. Stilwell found John E. Corwin, a native of Binghamton, N. Y., married to the daughter of one of Anderson's wealthiest citizens, and possessed with the ambition of supplanting him in the "social, political, and commercial" leadership of that community. Stilwell succeeded his father as President of the First National Bank of Anderson. He was a free liver, a popular fellow among a large class of the general public, and very loose in his dealings with his depositors. Corwin's father-in-law had been one of the latter, and the bank was accustomed to assist him in evading taxes on his deposits by certifying at stated periods that it held his money in bonds of the United States instead of greenbacks.

On the death of the wealthy citizen for whose benefit this fraud had been annually perpetrated, his son-in-law came into possession of one of the certificates for $14,000 of 7-30 bonds, alleged by the bank to have been actually represented by greenbacks which had long before been drawn upon. Corwin, however, refused to accept this explanation, and entered suit against the bank for the recovery of the money. The case was about to be brought to trial when, owing to a run on the bank during the late panic, it was forced to suspend.

According to a statement furnished to the Controller of the Currency in September, the assets of the bank were stated at $223,000. According to the statement of the Receiver, two months later, the assets were some $60,000 less than in September. Thereupon ensued much indignation on the part of the depositors, allegations of fraud against Stilwell, and an indictment by the Grand Jury, charging him with the embezzlement of some $150,000 of the bank funds. Of late years Stilwell has been unsuccessful in most of his enterprises. When it is added that he took to drinking a great deal, the question of his ultimate ruin became obviously a mere matter of time. Smarting under the consciousness of repeated failure, he found a convenient explanation of his misfortunes in the hostility of Corwin. At length when indictment followed bankruptcy, his rage against his rival assumed the character of a monomania. One afternoon, after some talk about his misfortunes, Stilwell started from his home, was seen in crossing the street to place his revolver in his overcoat pocket, and immediately after to enter the office of Corwin. The parley there was brief enough. Stilwell raised his pistol to shoot; Corwin, who is a much more powerful man, succeeded in grasping his arm, and directed the pistol of his adversary downward, where its shot was intercepted by a bundle of keys in his pocket. Then Corwin seized his assailant by the collar of his coat, turned him round till the back of his head was in line with the pistol he had in his right hand, and, with apparent deliberation, shot him twice through the brain.

Thus has Col. Stilwell, in the middle of a life that might have been a just and honored one, died the death of a rabid cur, and thus has his rival brought himself before the bar of justice to be tried on the issue of whether his act can be justified on grounds of self-defense, or whether it was deliberate murder. The story carries with it a very obvious moral.

A Very Tall Tower.

The proposed centennial tower is to be 1,000 feet high. St. Paul's is 365 feet above the crowded streets of the great city at its base, overtopping, by comparison, the dome of our own Capitol at Washington fully 78 feet. Trinity steeple, in New York city, is 286 feet from foundation to apex, and Bunker Hill monument 221 feet high.

The Cathedral of Strasbourg towers 468 feet from earth to pinnacle, Michael Angelo's grandest work, the dome of St. Peter's, has a height of 457 feet, while a pyramid, that of Cephren, brother and successor to Cheops, is 454 feet in heighth.

The material for the tower is American wrought iron, made in the form of Phœnix columns, united by diagonal tie bars and horizontal struts. The section is circular, and is 150 feet in diameter at the base, diminishing to 30 feet at the top. A central tube, 30 feet in diameter, extends through the entire length, and carries the four elevators. The latter are to ascend in three and descend in five minutes, so as to be capable of transporting about 500 persons per hour. There are also spiral staircases winding around the central tube.

The site will probably be in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, in proximity to the buildings of the Centennial Exposition. By calcium and electric lights from the tower, it is suggested that the latter, with their adjoining grounds, might be illuminated at night. The summit of the spire will also form a magnificent observatory, while the view of the surrounding country would be unparalleled.

How the Chinese Catch Fish.

The cormorant is largely employed as an assistant to the fisherman, and is carefully educated to its work by professional trainers. When thoroughly trained, a pair of birds is worth forty dollars, the high price being explained by the cost and labor of instruction.

During the first seven months of its life, the cormorant is left with the flock and is taught by its elders how to feed itself on small fish. After that age, however, a collar is fastened about its neck so that it cannot swallow its prey, and to one of its feet a cord, some two feet long, is attached, terminating in a bamboo float.

At a signal from the fisherman, whose sole implement is a forked stick some ten feet long, the cormorants plunge into the water and search for fish, each bird, as fast as he catches one in his beak, rising to the surface. The fisherman then hooks the bird's float with his stick and draws it towards him, taking the fish away from the cormorant as soon as it comes within reach of his arm.

When the fish is very large and weighs seven or eight pounds, for example, the cormorants will assist each other, one catching the fish by tail, another by the head, etc. They rarely catch anything less than a quarter of a pound. After every capture a small bit of fish is thrown to the bird as a reward, the piece being sufficiently little for the bird to swallow in spite of its collar.

Chinese fishermen keep their feathered assistants at work as long as daylight lasts. Occasionally the birds become tired and refuse to dive, a proceeding which occasions a series of frightful yells and beating of the water with a stick by their master, which frightens them to such an extent that they resume labor instantly.

This mode of fishing, which is not interrupted even by severe cold, is quite lucrative, as twenty or thirty birds can readily catch about a dollar and a half worth of fish per day. In general the fishermen are associated, and the birds belong to a society which marks them with a peculiar brand of its own. Oil of sesame is said to be the panacea for all ills of the cormorant, which continues its career of active work until about ten years of age.

The Condensed Milk Man.

Gail Borden, the "Condensed Milk Man," died in Colorado County, Texas, on Sunday, January 11, in the seventy-third year of his age. Mr. Borden first came to New York from Galveston, Texas. In 1850 he invented what is called meat biscuits, containing, in the smallest possible space, all the nutritive properties of the beef or other meat used in its manufacture. After thorough tests, both in this country and Europe, the highest authorities pronounced the meat biscuit an excellent article, retaining unimpaired the nutritive properties of its constituents. A council medal was awarded at the great exhibition in London in 1851. The report on the subject says: "A more simple, economical and efficient form of portable concentrated food than the American meat biscuit has never been brought before the public. Mr. Borden toiled incessantly, and often under great discouragements, in producing this article, but he still saw a defect in it, which was the agency used in desiccation. After further experiments for several years, he perfected a process by which pure broth is reduced to a solid form. He next turned his attention to making condensed milk. Preparations of milk were known in Europe and in this country, but they were too costly to admit of general use, and, moreover, foreign substances were introduced which were less nutritive than new milk. Mr. Borden was the man to overcome all obstacles in this matter, and he set to work with great zeal and confidence. His experiments were long and expensive, but he at length succeeded. The first factory which he established was at Litchfield, Conn., and the demand for the milk still increased. In 1860 more extensive works were erected in Dutchess county, New York, on the line of the Harlem Railroad, where three vacuum pans were employed, capable of working 5,000 gallons per day. Another factory was established at Brewster's, Southeast, Putnam county, another at Livermore Falls, Me., and another at Elgin, Kane county, Ill., the two latter having each a capacity of 2,000 gallons per day. At the latter place there is also a factory for the manufacture of the extract of beef.

Oatmeal.

Americans are gradually waking up to the fact that oatmeal is by no means an unimportant article of diet. As a food, the merits of which have stood the test of centuries, and which is calculated to promote the sanitary interests of the nation by laying the foundation for more hardy and vigorous constitutions for the coming generation, let us regard its general adoption as an article of diet as nothing short of a national good. Its phosphorescent qualities act as a gentle and healthy stimulant to the brain, and on no other food can one endure so great or so prolonged mental labor as on oatmeal porridge. Properly cooked it is not only a most healthful and nutritious food, but it is decidedly palatable, as is fully attested by its wonderfully rapid adoption as a popular diet by the very fastidious palates of our American people.

WOMEN IN THE GRANGES.—One of the features of the Granges is that not a single one can be organized without the companionship of women. No charter will be issued to organize a Grange, even if a hundred of the best farmers want it and ask for it, unless a certain number of women join.

A man writes to the editor for $4, "because he is so infernally short," and he gets in reply the heartless response, "Do as I do, stand up on a chair."

Items of Interest.

A great many children get on the wrong track because the switch is misplaced.

An old definition of salt—the stuff that spoils potatoes if they don't have any on.

Rhode Island is one of the seven States in which the postal service pays expenses.

The greatest pleasure I know is to do good by stealth, and to have it found out by accident.

Genius is that power of man which, by its strength and originality, gives laws and rules others.

Out of the six million eggs a codfish has been known to spawn in one year, less than a hundred survive.

Mr. Aston, of the U. S. Navy in the South Pacific, says that the Indians of Eten, Peru, speak a language understood by Chinese coolies.

An Indiana paper says girls should be taught that God made them in His own image, and that no amount of tight lacing will improve the model.

Professor Reynolds has found that, by means of a strong discharge of electricity, he could burst a tube which could stand a discharge of one inch of powder, retained by wire slugs three-quarters of an inch long.

A couple of fellows met a Mr. Kellar near Mount Jay, Pa., the other night, and requested him to give up his money or his life. He thrust his hand into his pocket, remarking, "Well, I'd rather lose my money than my life," but pulled out a revolver, with which he instantly killed one of the highwaymen and wounded the other.

An explosion occurred at a cartridge factory at Bel Air, in France, which caused the death of five women and dangerous injuries to six others. One of the survivors states that it was a common practice with the workwomen to amuse themselves by igniting small quantities of fulminate by friction between copper plates in order to produce a slight explosion.

The hen fever, which has prevailed to some extent in this village, says the Dover *Observer*, is abating. One man who kept a debit and credit account of his "hen money," finds that thirty-five hens have netted just thirty-four cents during the year, above the cost of keeping. But calculating the number of miles' travel which they have caused at four cents per mile, and he finds a balance against each hen of one dollar and ninety-seven cents. He will not cultivate hens next year.

A Home of One's Own.

Human existence implies the necessity of food, raiment, and shelter. A habitation is scarcely less important to life than the question, "what shall we eat, and wherewithal shall ye be clothed?" Happiness in civilized countries largely depends upon the comforts and conveniences with which a home may be invested.

Every man in this country, says "The Home Guide, especially if we have a family, should possess a home of his own; and generally this may be secured in a few years by industry, frugality and prudence. In large towns and cities, the money expended for rent by persons engaged in ordinary avocations will, in a few years, purchase a modest home. To be dependent upon landlords year after year for a habitation is often inconvenient and unpleasant, besides being very poor economy. There are many vexations and annoyances which few renters escape, attending their experiences as tenants of other people's houses and tenements, while the burden of taxation for municipal purposes fall mainly upon the tenant; as landlords charge the taxation imposed for public improvements on them to the rent-roll, and it therefore comes out of the pockets of the tenants.

In a house of his own, one feels not only that he is less dependent than when occupying a tenement belonging to another, but there is an incentive to improve and beautify a home; to make it attractive, and thus add to its value—a motive not often present when a man lives in a rented tenement.

From every point of view it is advisable for a man of family, when he has found a permanent place of residence, to determine to provide a home for those dependent upon him. Whether in a town or the country, this is advisable, and the reasons for it are so obvious that it is scarcely necessary to refer to them.

Old Laws.

Some of the ancient laws of Massachusetts are worthy of consideration at the present day. In 1642 there was a law providing that "those who do not teach, by themselves or others, their children or apprentices, so much learning as may enable them perfectly to read the English tongue, and knowledge of the capital laws, shall be fined twenty shillings for each neglect therein." In those days it was also thought proper that no interference should prevent suitable marriages. A law of 1641 reads that "if any person shall willfully and unreasonably deny any child timely or convenient marriage, or shall exercise any unnatural severity toward them, such children shall have liberty to complain to authority for redress in such cases."

ANGRY CAMEL.—The camel is generally supposed to be a meek and harmless animal; but recently one of the camels in the menagerie of the Central Park violently attacked Mr. Conklin, superintendent of the Animal Department, and would probably have killed him but for the intervention of the keeper. Mr. Conklin was engaged in feeding the camels, when one of them without any warning, seized him with its teeth, lifted him up, and then dashed him on the ground and trampled on him. This unprovoked attack is thought to be a case of jealousy, the offending animal having recently manifested intense dissatisfaction in consequence of Mr. Conklin's kind treatment of its mate when the latter was in a sick condition.